ST. PIERRE RUM BASE **CRIES 'VIVE VOLSTEAD!**

Bootleggers Organize Club of Merchant Adventurers Who Make Nights Gay at the Cafe du Havre, Man the Ships, Outwit the Police and Bring Authentic Liquor to Be Diluted for Americans.

St. Pierre, Miquelon, Oct. 5 .- Until the two masted schooner Philip Atlee arrived a few nights ago from Halifax to take on 3,000 cases of Scotch for distribution in the United States through a Fifth avenue, New York, bootlegging corporation, the most violent champion of unity, peace and concord could have asked no more of St. Pierre.

and concord could have asked no more of St. Pierre.

The visiting rum runners were drinking and loading whisky like gentlemen. St. Pierre's three gendarmes were idling in the big barracks wondering whether the time would ever return when they would have other wondering whether the time would ever return when they would have other wondering whether the time would ever return when they would have other wondering whether the time would ever return when they would have other wondering whether the time would ever return when they would have other wondering whether the time would ever return when they would have other wondering whether the time would ever return when they would have other wondering whether the time would ever return when they would have other wondering whether the time would ever return when they would have other wondering whether the time would ever return when they would have other wondering whether the time would ever return when they would have other wondering whether the time would ever return when they would have other wondering whether the time would ever return when they would have other wondering whether the time would ever return when they would have other wondering whether the time would ever return when they would have other wondering whether the time would ever return when they would have other wondering whether the time would ever return when they would have other wondering whether the time would ever return when they would have other wondering whether the time would ever return when they would have other wondering whether the matter rested until mean the crowd had collected in the Cafe du Havre. Two extends the mean time the crowd had collected in the care wondering whether the matter rested until mean the crowd had collected in the care wondering whether the matter rested until mean the crowd had collected in the care wondering whether the matter rested until mean the crowd had collected in the care wondering whether the matter rested until mean the crowd had collected in the care won use for their sabers than hacking slivers off booze crates. A calm serenity ute or so while Bill observed that able members of a trawler that carries ruled the evenings in the Cafe du Havre, and Mme. Ecouler sat yawning ruled the evenings in the Cafe du Havre, and Mme. Ecouler sat yawning and the harsh invectives of established themselves on the platform for the harsh invectives of established themselves on the platform dancing. Nobody knows just how they and lonely in the Cercle St. Pierrais of nights because the tranquillity that had fallen upon the colony had converted the clubmen into hearth hounds. Madame is the barmaid.

There hadn't been a fight on the quay for days, and even the countless Newfoundland dogs, sometimes as vicious as wolves, seemed to have absorbed large measures of the prevailing amity. Former American and Canadian soldiers were felicitating the broad beamed mademoiselles and States. Canadian soldiers were felicitating the broad beamed mademoiselles and States. My last job was in Rhode wildows of St. Pierre in doughboy French, and the ladies were returning Island but I'd been doing dry work all compliments in Mademoiselle English.

promise. They said that in exchange

limitation of alcoholic beverages to

agreed but the brewers refused.

J. Moraze and Lespagnol Freres.

derby hat on the back of his head.

"Where's the nearest place where we can have a drink and talk things

Cafe du Havre, "but what's the hurry? Let's listen. This guy's

over private-like?" he demanded. "Over there." said Bill indicating the

"And what happened?

happened."

deserted and the waterfront almost so, save for little groups of Canadian and American rum runners here and there comparing notes and proudly praising the merits of their schooners, the crews thereof and the whisky they have bought. Through the tight shutters is a large of the shutters in the shutters in the same of the shutters is a large of the shutters. It know, for example, that more than a year before Congress adopted the Eighteenth American adopted the Eighteenth American have a same of the same of bought. Through the tight shutters of the Cafe du Havre and of Rosie Mallielieu's place seep vagrant beams compromise with the drys could be the Cafe du Havre and of Rosie that prohibition lay ahead unless some Mallielieu's place seep vagrant beams compromise with the drys could be the compromise Mallielieu's place seep vagrant beams from kerosene lamps. Now and then a French song extolling the charms of ladies in Aubusson, Armentieres, Lavaur and other gardens of Gallic beauty is heard rendered by a pative. beauty is heard rendered by a native.

And usually it is answered by some the distillers and the brewers a comport back to Washington, that's what enthusiastic American in a repressed whisky barytone. For a reason not at for the abolition of the saloon and the the command of THE NEW YORK limitation of alcoholic beverages to HERALD reporter the favorite song of the rum runner seems to be "When tion and call it a deal. The distillers Frances Dances with Me, Hully Gee!"

As an indication of the era of good feeling that prevails, Bill Miller, whom we Americans have designated the Will Rogers of the rum running profession, has launched his Rum Run-ners Club. The meeting of organizawas held in the Cercle St. Pierrais tion was held in the Cercle St. Fletniss (entirely without the sanction and co-operation of the Cercle be it said), and its objects are twofold: To promote sociability and spread fraternalism.

Resolutions were adopted indorsing Andrew Volstead, the Anti-Saloon the Societe Français Contre Alcohol and similarly worthy men and organizations. Bill Miller, who is almost entirely French despite his patronymic (his father was a Newnation. There are no other offi-Also there are various degrees grabbed Bill Miller by the arm.

"Yes, but the foundlander), was made president by acclamation. There are no other offi-One voyage in a rum of membership. running ship entitles one to member-

First grade membership comprises those who have done nothing more spectacular than smuggle booze to good." Nova Scotia; second grade, those who have taken the stuff from St. Pierre to the States; third grade, those who have carried whisky to the States from St. Pierre and Nassau. A special rating awaits the veteran who can prove that he has smuggled booze into the States and Canada from Jamalca, Nassau, Havana and St. Pierre.

"This honor will wait long for a re-pient," predicted President Bill Such a man is either dead or in jail. "It is not too much to hope," said Bill in his inaugural address, "that one day this club will have its own rooms and its branches in the West It is time that the practical rum runners should band together for their own welfare. Already the capi-talists are combining against us to cut our shares in the profits and reduce us to mere hirelings. This,

"The thirstiest millionaire in Amer-Ica will suffer a sanded throat unless we man the ships, outwit the police and fetch the booze to its destination. Suppose we should refuse to have anything to do with the profession. Imagine, I ask you, a crew compos of bankers, brokers and big poli-ticians!"

brothers, is a profession where we hold

Thus harmony prevailed. Then came the Philip Atlee. In a previous article it was mentioned that the boss, but not the skipper, of the Philip Atlee was, until two months ago, a prohibition enforcement agent in Rhode Island. And in the first of this series attention was called to two visitors to St. Pierre who were doing much talking about moving a distillery from Kentucky to this colony.

Another Monte Carlo.

One, you will remember, was an ebullient individual who physically suggested a professional wrestler, and his partner was a tall, spare man who

his partner was a tall, spare man who took many photographs and who said yes to every opinion ventured by the fat end of the team. The latter had been doing much talking.

"I bring nothing but glad tidings of great joy to St. Pierre," said he. "As you all know, the Prince of Monaco has died. His son, who succeeds him, has let it be known that he has no great desire to retain the he has no great desire to retain the gambling concession at Monte Carlo and the French Government says that it may withdraw the concession, clos-

ing the Casino.
"Think of what that means! No Monte Carlo in Monte Carlo! A great institution gone! Will the rich men of Europe and America be content to do without their Monte Carlo? No, they will not. That is where St. Pierre comes in. Now, behind me are a num-ber of rich Americans who see the possibilities in St. Pierre. First of all we shall erect a great distillery. Sec-ond, a fine hotel and gambling casino. we shall arrange for a line of

palatial steamships plying between St. Pierre and New York, London and some French port. "Think of it! We shall take the young men and women of St. Pierre and train them to be the attendants in the hotel and the casino. From Ken-tucky will come the distillery all ready to be set up. What will St. Pierre care for fisheries then? She will be the richest colony in the world. There are millions in it, millions."

"Yes," agreed the tall, lean member of the outfit taking photographs of the

fat man's audience.
"Personally," went on the fat man,
"I know all about the booze business.

We have cherished him and found

I was, until a couple of months ago, a prohibition enforcement agent in the in Ohio, Arkansas, Texas and New Mexico off and on. They transfer us

port back to Washington, that's what he'd do.

"He ain't no \$1,700 man. He gets big jack for doing inspection work for the Prohibition Director in Washing-ton. Oh, boy, I know that bird. "Yes," agreed the tall party taking photographs of the establishments of know what he's here for. He's here to get the lowdown on what's doing and who's doing it."

"And what happened?" repeated the "Well, what of it?" demanded Bill "Prohibition! That's what "He can't hurt us. We are law abiding Frenchmen on this island. We don't have to obey the American laws. "Vive la prohibition!" screamed the All we do is sell liquor. We don't care
The crowd around the fat man and what becomes of it once we sell it. We

lads from New York and Boston who had come to St. Pierre on the Pro
Patria with the stout orator and his
lean running mate. With them they
had fetched a stranger—a house debooze for a New York house. He'll

This is what of it, retorted the
had come to St. Pierre on the Pro
indignant boss of the Philip Atlee.
The Accordants were ignorated the
rant of English and American tunes.
The New Yorker contented himself
with what he called "improvising and
vamping" and he made rather a suctective sort of individual who wore a find out that a lot of these boys here No sooner had the latter surveyed from and who they work for and—"
the spellbinder for the casino, hotel "They all have phoney names," in-

> to Washington and tell them that fifty schooners are running booze out of this place and the next thing you know the American Government will be demanding that the French Gov-

"Say," snapped the stranger, "do our listening to me. I got something of maybe they'll agitate to out the damn islands, like William Jennings of the warm.

Bryan said we ought to buy the Bahamas, Anyway, I'm going back to my schooner and stay there before this bird gives me the up and down and or Mademoiselle, who would begin to shriek:

The Reformed Dry Agent.

So Bill and the six bootlegging lads

So Bill and the six bootlegging lads

So Bill and the six bootlegging lads

The Reformed Dry Agent.

So Bill and the six bootlegging lads

So Bill and the s

So Bill and the six bootlegging lads from New York and Boston went over to the Cafe du Havre where Madame established them in the family dining room and shut the door, "When did that human balloon get to this town?" demanded the stranger. "About five days ago. Why?" replied Bill.
"Have you done any talking to the Cafe of Hademoiselle, who would begin to shriek:
"Monsieur Americain; veesky soda, "Monsieur Americain; veesky soda; un franc, un f

Women Man the Ship.

And there the matter rested until many of the harsh invectives of booze to the New England coast) had the vacated posts on the few remaining fishing trawlers.

These women were quite as large, their voices you would have trouble saying which was male and which was men were. female. The women do all the work of the men on the fish trawlers and blokes," he said. "They kick you in

are mothers of several children.

The law of St. Pierre says that cafes must close at 8. But the law does not specify that all who are in the cafe at us Americans in the jaw, but these Frenchies—"
"Waddeya mean you English punch us Americans in the jaw," demanded us Americans in the jaw," demanded and all the shutters locked. The door was bolted on the inside. It seemed that every crack or crevice through paper. The mob smoked all the time French tobacco at that, and to add local atmosphere, the men and women changing their garments in the slight-

his photographing partner was large.
Into it came Bill Miller, the six husky lads from New York and Boston who lads from New York and Boston w cess of influencing the wheezings of the accordions until the tempo was suggestive of the fox trot,

Madame and her daughter, serving the drinks, had no chance of squeez-"Yes, but those photographs ain't ing between the packed in tables. If phoney and this bird can go back you wanted "veesky soda" you bawled your desires as loudly as possible until ernment put a stop to it or something the veesky soda. There would be no

"What happened?" demanded one of the Boston boys.

"Would not one talk to the representative of large interests who are trying to do so much for dear St. Pierre?" said Bill with some heat.
"Buggest," said Bill, "that we keep the fat man and his skinny partner t who would rally to your assistance by the Cafe du Havre!

"Ici, ici, ici, ici!" be pardoned for swelling with pride to seek the fat man and his lean part-if you got what you ordered. And in her, who by this time were classified English speaking might be accepted by the Gaul as earnest if clumsy effoor, crowded in elbow to elbow, sat flattery.

dancing. Nobody knows just now they did it, but later on, after sufficient floor, crowded in elbow to elbow, sat alcohol had been imbibed, they danced. foor, crowded in elbow to elbow, sat alcohol had been imbibed, they danced about twenty men—French and American, masters, mates, pilots, engineers had finished with profanity. "But had finished with profanity. "But through the lot of them were eight or through the lot of them were eight or overturned a table or so or trampled a table or so or trampled a counter of them were eight or overturned a table or so or trampled a counter of them were eight or overturned a table or so or trampled a counter of the material transfer. The counter of the ten women who since the men have taken up taken to the rum ships have taken up idea was to dance and the glants

almost as strong and dressed precisely as the men. Save for their hair and their voices you would have trouble. There was an Englishman present who devoted the earlier part of the night to telling us what desperate characters the French fisher-

of the men on the fish trawlers and blokes," he said. "They kick you in receive therefor the munificent wages the stomach and jab their fingers into of 75 cents a day. Almost all of them your eyes. Us English and you

one of the boys from Boston. "Hey, monsoor, English say you no good. Go get him, Monsoor."

that every crack or crevice through which light might shine or air perco-late had been stuffed with rags and late had been stuffed with rags and Madame opened it and he stepped out. "Hey, Yank," he shouted, "that was

filthy trick you played." "Go get him, Monsoor," urged the

The Briton fled down the alley that gives upon the waterfront. There he counted himself safe, neglecting to the Boston bootleggers. notice that two large natives of St. A New York young man who was due to depart on the following day on door, thus reaching the waterfront a rum schooner had produced a harmonica and with it had joined the two

Rull was knocked loose from his foundland?

"Say," snapped the stranger, "do or maybe they'll agitate to buy the ice in it and probably it would be sense of security by "Attention!" "Well, we've never been in Labra- HAREM BUSINESS IS ON

"Have you done any talking to "Have you done any talking to "What happened?" demanded one of "Would not one talk to the repre"Would not one talk to the repre-

as sure enough spies.

"I shall not say much," said Bill,
"but certain that they are sples I
shall see that they are told to get out
of St. Pierre whether there is a boat
waiting for them or not."

The suspected pair were discovered sitting on a pile of lumber behind the sheds of Folquet Freres.
"Hello, folks," roared the fat man

How about a fine mess of spaghetti? Fine stuff. Come up and have a bite "Yes," said the lean man Everybody who had heard the gos-

and apparently everybody except e suspects had) looked expectantly at Bill. But Bill passed on into the

'let's have another little snifter of that bangup sherry of yours. That, by Harry, is the finest stuff that ever lid a bottle the compliment of staying inside of it. the cat's knickerbockers. Just think of paving to leave it behind. Well, just ne more before we get our things to-

Bill Miller had appeared at the door of the shed.

"Not going to leave us, are you?" inquired Bill. Yep, got to be moving. Going over

to Newfoundland this evening, May do some fishing. "How about that distillery and that

"Don't think I carry them around in my pocket, do you?" roared the big

"Give my regards to Mr. Volstead

WHISTON ADMITS GRAFT.

BUFFALO, Oct. 5 .- Frank G. Whiston, them well The Dry Agents Leave.

On the following afternoon Bill MilWhiston was the third \$200,000. Whiston was the third employee of had entered a leg contest.

BOOM IN NORTH AFRICA

American Woman Artist Finds Owners Prosperous.

The harems of Algeria, according to lies Katherine Toland Stewart, artist, no arrived yesterday by the French ner La Touraine, from Havre, are four-hing as if there were no financial and ammercial depression anywhere in the

Miss Stewart has been painting in northern Africa and has seen some harem interiors that astonished her. She also met the wives of the owners, some of the latter of whom had twelve and upported them luxuriously and treated

Miss Eugents Buchman of 330 West Ninety-fifth street said she unexpectedly had won at a high class easing in Vienna the grand prize for having the most ar tistic legs of several hundred women who



Be Posted On Politics

URING the Congress and The Congress and State political campaigns now under way The New York Herald will publish articles which will accurately portray developments and forecast results throughout the country. The articles will be by Louis Seibold, political correspondent of The Herald, one of the few writers with the proved ability to sift the multitude of issues, claims and counter-claims and write clear and interesting statements of the facts as they exist. Articles will be published

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